

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

An Advocate of Universal Religion and a Co-worker with all Free Churches.

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Editorial

*"God's true priest is always free;
Free, the needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.
Watching on the hills of Faith,
Listening what the Spirit saith
Of the dim-seen light afar,
Growing like a nearing star.
Like the sier of Patmos gazing
On the glory downward blazing;
Till upon Earth's grateful sod
Rests the city of our God!"*

—Whittier.

SINCE his meaning is so clear, our readers need hardly quarrel with Mr. Dole for his use of the term Christian in his earnest plea for political conscience in church members. It is doubtless true, however, that many a "pagan," both in ancient and in modern times, has had that high sense of political duty which so many Christians lack,—and this not in spite of, but in some cases because of their pagan condition.

BROTHER DOUTHIT of Shelbyville, after three years of trying to do without it, has come back again into the possession of *Our Best Words*. It will be a monthly for the present, with the old motto, "In Essentials, Unity; In Non-Essentials, Liberty; In All Things, Charity." We trust that the old fight which called *Our Best Words* into being is over with, even for Brother Douthit, and that he comes into the arena with the old courage to fight new foes, foes worthy of his steel.

THE State University of Illinois is coming to the front. Its new president, Dr. Andrew S. Draper, is to be inaugurated, and the new Engineering Building to be dedicated, on the 15th of this month. Gov. Altgeld will preside and Dr. C. K. Adams of the University of Wisconsin will make the address. This Engineering Hall, it is claimed, will be the finest in the country. Over four hundred engineering students were present last year. Where are the four hundred who are studying ethical engineering and who are getting ready to direct the men who are to do the engineering in the ways of life?

IN another column our readers will find a full outline of the program of the Streator Congress. Do not consider the success of the meeting a foregone conclusion and stay at home, leaving others to bear the brunt of the problems. Do not consider it a foregone failure nor put a mean motive or small measure to its purposes until you yourself have studied it. Let the believer, the skeptic and the foe of the Congress movement try to come and see for themselves. Necessarily this Congress movement has most significance to the outsider, the unchurched, the lonely liberal in the smaller towns and country places. We appeal particularly to such to come to this church of the isolated, this movement of thought that reaches out for them. Come as individuals. Let us feel your needs and know your feelings.

UNITY has received a long, thoughtful and carefully written essay on the relation between ethics and religion, suggested by a sentence in our recent utterance on the National Unitarian Conference's "Temporary Settlement." The essay is so well written and there is so great a need for clear thought in regard to the relation between these two important concepts that, although we cannot agree with all that the writer says, we should be glad to put the discussion before our readers if the necessary space were at our disposal; but as the article itself is longer than a sermon and would doubtless call out a number of replies, and as there are at present many things pressing upon the limits of our little paper, we cannot publish it. It is apparently signed by a *nom de plume*, and as the writer's address is not given, we take this method of informing him that the MS. will be held until it is called for.

NUMBER two of the *Open Church*, published in East Lexington, Massachusetts, and

edited by Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, is before us; a little monthly sheet showing the literary skill which the editor has displayed in larger fields. Its sixteen columns, all given to reading matter, no space given to advertisement, contain much news of the higher kind, to those who are trying to find out how to fit a church into the needs and lives of today. The openness which this paper particularly espouses is the open door seven days in the week, but that openness will necessitate, as the editor intimates, the other openness. It must be the church of the open mind and the open heart that is to be the church of the open door and the open hand. Denominational names and sectarian interests necessarily retire to the background, become secondary and imperitive, to the church that accepts the unimportant as its parish. We welcome the *Open Church*. It has a divine message. Let it be heard and heeded.

WE have seen, in rude wood cut, a reproduction of a picture which Gabriel Max has presented to Professor Haeckel, the great German scientist, on his sixtieth anniversary. It is an anthropological study, a picture that tries to show life on the borderland of humanity, a little beyond the highest of apes, a little below the lowest of men; hairy, clumsy in body, but with faces through which the light of prophecy already gleams; such faces, pathetic, impressive and most profitable for study! The reflections awakened by this newspaper cut make us to wish for a glimpse at the original. How life deepens and the thought of the soul is sanctified as we trace it back through the long vistas, not only to prehistoric but prehuman ages. And if the "long back," why not the "long forward?" Who will presume to say that we have arrived? Alas for the philosophy that gives to man or church or state the elusive joy of having attained! Safety and strength are only for such as aspire. Browning, in his "Paracelsus," has shown how calamitous were the periods in the life of his hero in which he seemed to have attained; how splendid were the periods in which he aspired.

CHICAGO has broken, this week, into the annual glory of the Chrysanthemum show, more beautiful than ever. How full of poetry, aye, and of prophecy, is this latter day triumph of the florist. Nearly twenty-four hundred years ago Confucius spoke of its "yellow glory." But to the western world, fifty years ago, there were but twenty-seven varieties known to the English gardener. In

the past twenty years, upwards of three thousand varieties have been developed, most of them by what Darwin called "bud variation, or sports." Man's intelligence fitting into the divine potency has now created these splendid disks and globes of white and gold, brown and purple. This year the triumphant varieties seem to be the "Ivory," the "Queen" and the "Major Bon-afon." Next year there will be others and still better, and the growers will not consider themselves disrespectful to these varieties nor disloyal to the achievements of today because they have pushed forward towards newer forms and higher development. Why should we be so fearful of progress in the higher gardens of the spirit, so distrustful of a new bloom and suspicious of any talk of new varieties?

Editorial Wanderings.

"Is there such another campus as Cornell's in the wide world?" This is the perennial question which springs spontaneously to the lips of every visitor who stands upon the classic heights overlooking the pretty Ithaca, the picturesque hill slope beyond and the fairy lake reaching away to the northward. Five years had elapsed since the editor of *UNITY* had visited this hill. Since that time three noble buildings have been added to the interesting group: the great Library Building, the Law Building and the Chemical Building. The architecture confirms the impression that Cornell is one of the most modern of universities. It is the least conventional in its surroundings and perhaps in its work. It is a child of the new day. We could not but contrast the buildings of Cornell with those of the University of Chicago, of which Chicago is justly proud. The architecture of the Chicago buildings is more elaborate; any one of them is finer than anything at Cornell, but the uniformity may eventually bring a burden of excellence from which Cornell escapes. There is a monotony of beauty that is not beautiful.

The editor's mission at Cornell this time was the same as that of five years ago,—to preach in the Sage Chapel. And what a chance it was! The last Sunday in October was of the perfect kind. The glens, ravines and cataracts wooed most bewitchingly; but the Sage Chapel was crowded in the morning and well-filled in the afternoon with bright faces, alert and buoyant life. Sage Chapel is of itself a pretty bit of Gothic architecture, seating some seven or eight hundred. But even here the beautiful stained window bearing the name as well as the face and figure of "Saint" Florence Nightingale; another window with a Madonna having the face of a beloved wife of a former president of the university; and the recumbent statue of Ezra Cornell with his boots on, in the mortuary chapel,—again give the refreshing impression that a modern spirit pervades the Cornell University.

O! it is great to go to college just for two days! One learns a lot of things even in that

time. What a privilege it must be to go for four years, and how much a graduate ought to know. In these two days we saw the blood rivers flow through the gills of a mud-puppy. We learned the proper name of that interesting Darwinian link between the fish and the reptile, the fellow that has a lung but doesn't quite trust it, and so keeps his gills for an emergency; but like other collegiates, we have forgotten the Latin. We were permitted to visit the lower regions of the biological department; saw the hundred or more cats happily basking in the sun all unconsciously awaiting their euthanasia, when they will take the chloroform road to their humble science service. Here we picked up a few more points for that sermon on vivisection which has been promised for half a dozen years but is not yet ripe.

In these two days we heard the head professor in English literature, the oracle and seer, Prof. Corson, lecture on—Divorce! but then not from the Chicago or Dakota standpoint, but from the Miltonian; and has not John Milton written on divorce, as indeed he has written on most modern subjects, in a surprisingly modern spirit, as the learned doctor showed us?

Again we dined with one of the three or four men in the United States who is able to read some kind of books on the "quaternions" or something of that kind. We could not commune with Prof. Oliver over the problems of the "fourth dimension," but we did have blessed fellowship with him over the higher problems of morality and religion as represented by the latest efforts and freshest hope of the race.

Two sermons on the hill left strength for a third one on Sunday evening in the new Unitarian church down town. Then we stayed over on Monday for the sake of a long ride that brought the nearer acquaintance with its pastor, Brother Scott, and that, in the evening, we might perhaps lift a little bit at the heavy load he is carrying, by giving an impromptu lecture on "The Parliament of Religions and What Is to Follow."

Is the new church at Ithaca, born out of fire, pretty? Yes, quite so, but the \$4,000 debt over and above the utmost resources of the home workers (and how they have worked and are working!) is not pretty. We wish the architect had pared off the spire and rubbed off some other favored features in order to have saved that \$4,000 burden, or a part of it. But now that it is done, and, as churches are done and architects will do it, done economically, simply, beautifully, let the pastor's heart be saved and the society's hands be unshackled that they may apply themselves to the high work at hand.

On the way home we found six hours for a visitation at Rochester, where in the happy home of the Gannett's we studied anew some of the painful things which the Beatitudes impose upon life,—the perplexities of duty, the tragedies of thought, and the woes, not of ourselves but of the world.

All this and so much more, if it could only be told, in four days absence from Chicago.

Dear "UNITY," our work is not yet done. Our problems are not yet solved. Our obligations are not yet discharged. Let us welcome the tasks, the perplexities, the joys and the agonies that are before us, such as are made possible and imperative by the privileges indicated in such a flying visit as this.

Contributed and Selected

There is no Death.

NOTE: In response to an urgent request we publish this poem once more.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! The choicest gifts
That Heaven hath kindly lent to Earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life becomes a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Translated into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody
That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingle with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms,—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest
And say that they are "dead,"—

They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,
They are not "lost" nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly sweeping waves
Of grief or passion sweep,—

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead!

—J. L. McCreery.

Church-Door Pulpit

The Poet Preacher.

An Address in the Memory of David Swing.

BY DR. E. G. HIRSCH.

Among Biblical heroes, none has whetted the imagination of later generations to the degree that Solomon has. The bare outlines of his life as given in the Biblical record seem but a shadowy fringe to the glory of the sun which loving fancy dreamt had risen with this monarch's reign to bless Israel. He was accredited with wonderful gifts. He understood the whispered speech of the stars, the soft pleadings of the forests; he knew the secrets of the birds as they were warbled forth from bough to bough; what the ants in their council of war buried in the deepest of their hearts, Solomon was believed to have unraveled; the rivers ran but to tell him of their message and their ambition, and to inform him of the commission with which they were charged; he understood all the languages that were spoken under heaven's dome, and had power to command energies generally jealously guarded from the possession and ken of human minds. And more than this, it is said in the legends recording the wonder deeds of this Jewish king, that when he brought the holy ark into the temple, the very cedar wood which clothed the walls began to bloom again, and as long as Solomon reigned the freshness of this transplanted denizen of the heights never waned or even gave signs of withering.

All comparisons, of course, halt, and still, for one who knows these legendary and fanciful portraits of the Eastern monarch, the suggestion is ready at hand that one who had like gifts has departed from our midst. Solomon, famous for his wisdom, had powers not greater than in the providence of God were given unto him to do honor to whose memory we are gathered here this morning. Like unto Solomon he knew the speech of the trees and the tongues of the running brooks; like unto Solomon of the fable when he entered the temple, the very cedar wood began to bloom, and as long as he was present in the sanctuary the freshness did not pale and the perfume did not grow less. A miracle was wrought by his very tongue, and stone gave response, as it were, to the pleadings of the softer human heart.

The first hours of pungent grief always are heavy with the dull sense of a great loss. But perhaps the loss is but apparent, and the gain is all the more permanent. Ours then is the duty to measure our loss and balance it over against the permanent possession left in sacred trust with us by this life now closed. And yet we must confess that none there is that can do justice to its fullness of gifts and powers. Yea, we must be modest and remember that perhaps posterity alone can gauge the influences for good this life sent forth in this large country. While we merely may lay the finger on the roots, our children will find shade and refreshment under the crown of the tree developed into beauty.

Is not genius like those mighty rivers whose sources are the constant anxiety of geographical explorers? However far we may penetrate into the caverns of their icy birthplaces, the actual spot whence they bubble out and the real secret of their mighty sweep eludes forever the grasp of the diligent searcher.

Who has laid his finger on the cradle of Rhine or Danube? None. Who can tell us why the Nile carries its strength? None. Who, why and how Congo was ushered into

life? As yet, none. Like these rivers, genius forever is an unread riddle. However far we may push back in our climb up the heights to the sources, there remains mystery unsolved, for genius is powerful reflection of light divine, is revelation of God himself.

And so, in this our search for the mighty sources of that river which has given refreshing waters to many thirsting lips, and has wooed forth flowers along many a bank and strand, we are confronted with the old despair, if despair it be, that genius' birthplace is curtained off from the eye of man; it is in the holy of holies where God's presence abideth and into which even high priest cannot penetrate except with downcast face and in humble and unknowing reverence.

None can tell whence the power came to our friend gone from us. Nevertheless, there is boot in the expedition up the heights; although the actual source be forever withheld from our knowledge we can trace the progress of the river after it has freed itself from the mother embrace of the Alpine range. We would not presume to lay bare the curtained cradle of his strength and might and beauty—we would modestly inquire into the currents contributory to his reservoir of power and might for good in our generation.

The law seems to be well nigh universal that genius, at birth, is not beckoned to broad road-beds, but has to thread its way, a narrow rill, down rough and steep mountain slopes. Our old Talmudic sages prove this observation when they say: "Have ye heed unto the children of the poor, for from them shall go forth the light of truth." The exceptions to the rule prove the law. It is generally from the gloom of poverty that the brightness of genius shines forth—ease and affluence are not necessarily adverse to the formation of character and untoward to the steeling of ruder metal into elasticity, but certain it is that, where the divine fire is slumbering, the fans of poverty woo the blaze to break forth, while the softer zephyrs of affluence seem more frequently to be fated to lull to sleep the smouldering ember underneath the ashes. So many of our greatest men in Israel were kissed awake by the light midst the dusk of contracted outward circumstances. And outside of Israel, in America, the galaxy of fame is studded with stars whose first beam fell not from vaulted window of palace, but from the low opening of cottage and hut.

As a rule, it is not the city, again, with its luxurious wealth of refining influences, but it is the country, apparently poor in all those things which make for culture, that wings to flight innate poetic inspiration, and voices to preach and prophesy natural, sturdy, ethical enthusiasm. Most of the poets of America were children of the open country—held communion in their early days with the laughing brooklet and the growing flower, the green meadow, the sweet-scented clover, the struggling corn, the swaying wheat, the waving forest, the singing bird, the silence of wooded dell and the mystery of the tangled ravine; not in the bustle and din and confusion and distraction of town, where commerce drives her chariots and selfishness celebrates her triumphs, does it seem possible to nursery these tender children of light and love, of budding song and burning righteousness. In the purer, even if poorer, surroundings of country hamlet—in its hard school of struggle, in the farmer's experience, appear to lie the conditions favorable for the growth of wider sympathies and the quickening of the mind toward truth and beauty. Ourlamented friend and teacher adds another name to the long roster of men come to eminence from

self-respecting poverty, who had slaked their thirst for refinement, though the wells of their early country home promised but a scant flow of these living waters. He had indeed the gift of Solomon. He understood the speech of tree and the sermon of running brook. The dialect in which the queen bee marshalled her golden cuirassed host was not a foreign tongue to him; as was not the jargon of the ants legislating for their busy clan. He was the bosom friend of flower; he had mastered the secret of nature's changing robes; he had often been a guest in the chamber where are stored the garments, lacy or fleecy or ermine seamed or flower garlanded, of the seasons. Whence to him such wonderful knowledge? From his early days, from the schooling of the hours when he, a farmer's boy, followed the plow and handled the hoe and the rake. Yea, no academy in town could have given him this understanding: to the last of his days, in all that he uttered and in all that he thought, breathed the fresh fragrance, the purity of the country sky. Here one of the sources, though not THE source, of his power, for behind this knowledge of the language of nature was his mind, a revelation of the divine and therefore mystery shrouded from human analysis forever.

The farmer's boy, reading and interpreting nature's signs and symbols, became a poet. Hard science reads the inscription of the stars in terms of a fearful struggle. Each planet whirled along by the impulse of self-preservation, opposing with all of its volume the attraction of other heavenly wanderers—and as the planetary system is kept agoing by the lubrication of struggle and strife, so science, wherever her torch lights up the nooks and corners, points us to a battle field—a warfare that knows no truce—a bristling camp deaf to the sweeter carol of peace, or the consoling choral intoned after the fray and fight is o'er. For the sciences can only analyze, and analysis is dissolution—decomposition. A flower before the bar of the sciences is calyx, pistil, stamen, anther, pollen, carpel. The flower as a whole, with its message of beauty and of peace, science knoweth not and regardeth not. Where this scientific spirit of analysis prevails exclusively and points the compass for life's ocean, the meaning of world necessarily is set in a minor key. War unending, never eventing into peace,—should this not burden a human soul? What is this universe then but a vast machinery without purpose, without harmony even—a chaos spinning along, we know not why and we cannot tell to what issue.

But what the scientist disregardeth, for it is not his concern to pay it court, that the poet remembereth, and where he, whose eye is weaponed with telescope or spectroscope or microscope, sees but the fearful scars of an endless struggle for existence, the poet, his eyes turned inwardly, beholds beauty and harmony. The love-tipped tongue of the poet sings the anthem of peace. The world is not enfolded in darkness, but is afloat in an ocean of light. Love's tokens abound everywhere, we need but open our eyes to its beaming, playful, helpful and hopeful beckoning.

The farmer's boy who had learned in the schooling of his poor home—poor in externalities, rich in the eternalities of life—to read aright by the key of love and light the hieroglyphics of sky and soil, could not become the exponent of a creed of despair, nor the messenger of the call that we are doomed. He had to herald that view of life and of nature which exults that man from good proceeds to better, and that the heavens are constantly unfolding new miracles, as the fields are intoning new melodies, in swelling chorus praising a just and good God who

leadeth all unto peace and final harmony.

Professor Swing's creed was that of an optimist, and one of the roots of his unshaken and unshakable optimism is his early life that led him to know nature, as few are privileged to know her, in the glory of the flowers in the garden and the greatness of that mysterious goodness which awakens from the seed the blossom and fruit, and again husks in the bud and fruit the seed for a new life—an unending life. And if his farmer-boy days thus led him to solve the equation of world in terms of ordered beauty, his book studies later confirmed the impression of his early years. Know ye that there was not in the whole of America a greater classical scholar than he upon whose lips Sunday after Sunday the thousands hung with hunger of soul and in reverential admiration. The farmer boy of our western Ohio valley, was a great student of Athens and of Rome; knowing his Virgil as but few knew him, and his Plato as but few understood him; at home in the Roman senate as in the Greek areopagus—Æschylus his daily companion and Æneas the bosom friend of his hours of study! A miracle, this, almost, and yet truth and fact. Not that there are not greater philological scholars in this country or elsewhere, but philology is always busy with the dry bones. It construes and scans. It compares broken syllable with fragmentary accent. This "dry-as-dust" method has been the curse of classical studies in Germany and is beginning to stretch forth its octopus-like arms for new victims in our own schools. For soon will arise those among us to trumpet their find of an abnormal dative whereto to moor a new philological system! I am afraid lest, while they are rattling these dry bones, the living spark of classic culture be hidden from their blind eyes.

Among this tribe of word anatomists Swing cannot be reckoned. For him classic culture was an organic whole, and in the temple of this many-mansioned Nautilus he was a reverent minister. Greece, the people of beauty, had won his affection, and if any there ever was that appreciated the graces of the Greek muses, it was he. Beauty he had found in furrowed fields, and beauty's echo set ahumming his heart's harpstrings, through Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles and Demosthenes and Plato and Aristotle. This universe is a cosmos, beautiful harmony, is their jubilant affirmation. His studies in literature confirmed and complemented what the impressions of his early days had suggested. His mastership in classic lore is the second root of his optimism.

Poets are always optimists. Pessimism never yet has found a poetic voice. Perhaps one or the other may have enriched literature with dirge or lament. But even benighted Lenau in Germany and Leopardi in Italy do not disprove the contention that the poetic temper is essentially hopeful. The true poets have always clarioned forth the creed that through the apparent strife events harmony, that night is prelude and pledge of more radiant day. Beauty and the creed that all things are for the good, are factors of one equation. Our friend who was at home in "the garden" and "the academy" of that wonderful people to whom we owe most of the elements of our culture—indeed found corroborated by the genius of Art what the rougher touch of rustic tool had before taught him to read in the dialogues of the heavenly company, in the epos and lyric written in flowers and in ferns on the stretching and waving slopes of his home valley.

Student of antiquity as he was, Professor Swing could not become a pessimist. The farmer boy, greatest of classical scholars,

had been touched by the live coal from the altar dedicated to a belief in progress toward ultimate harmony, and in the intrinsic essential goodness and beauty of life, and in the unfolding purpose of God through individual experience, and His guidance of the nations across the span of the ages.

That as a theologian the man so prepared would not make of religion a mere archæological museum of antediluvian specimens stands to reason. Loyal he was to the last to the church of his early days. Not that he treasured the dead formula of creed as unbroken vases of truth, but he became the mouthpiece and translator for thousands of what is and was the most valuable possession of his sect. Strange it is, but nevertheless one may say it without fear of contradiction, it was the suspected heretic who brought about the recognition by an ever-increasing multitude of thinking men and women of the best his mother church had been the guardian of.

Say whatever you will about Calvinism; say that it is somber and suspicious of men; that it is narrow and uncharitable,—this one pretension history verifies, and those that are free from bias must own that Puritan texture is woven of a strong moral fiber; that in the hard discipline of life, of self-discipline, curbing alike his love and his passions, the Puritan trains himself to be true to the supreme and eternal law—"Thou oughtest." In the ungainliest garble of the Calvinistic creed, there is to him who looks beneath the surface stored away a wealth of ethical dower which softer creeds and less cramped definitions lack, or at least are not as insistent to emphasize.

In this sense, the farmer boy of the Ohio valley, the student of the Miami University, the classical scholar, the poet of the world of beauty, developed to be perhaps the most loyal son of the church which first led him to God's altars and taught him to stammer the sacred words: God, love and immortality and savior. Through all of his later as of his earlier sermons, rings and runs an ethical spirit, bold and deep and sweet withal. And when he found that his church was apt to cling to externals and sacrifice the eternal verities of its historic mission, of his own resolution he left his parental communion, but it was with a heavy heart. He himself perhaps was not fully conscious of the gap, which widened as the years lengthened, between him and his early religious affiliations. It was not he, at all events, that delighted in the breach. Swing is the exponent of the inner forces quickening within the puritan form of presentation, and as an iconoclast, if iconoclast he be, he belongs to those,—as Oliver Wendell Holmes said of Emerson—that have no hammer. He removed the idols with such tender touch that the very removal seemed an act of worship and of reverence. The prophet may be weaponed with hammer—the poet is with harp. Which will succeed? Who knoweth? Each one has mission and scope and duty and call, but certain it is that the harp's invitation will be more readily accepted than the hammer's clank, and that the softer transmission and the tenderer transition will be less of a shock than the bold surgeon's knife which cuts awain the new-born child from the old yet loving mother.

The poet sang the fulfilment of the prophecy of his own religious youth in tones so sweet that none knew, and perhaps he not himself, that idols were falling and altars were crumbling, that a new world was rising—and still it was he who sang the birth song of this new world which necessarily is the burial song of the old, but in the angel's mea-

sure, "*Gloria in Excelsis*, peace on earth to men of good will!"

As a theologian, Swing merely carried out his poetic mission: he was the reformer who conciliated, led on but did not estrange—he was the focal point where two worlds met, each receiving from him rich tribute of love, reverence, light, but each hearing from his lips the call for new and higher possibilities. It is often thought by many who are thoughtless, that liberalism, to be liberalism, must be negative; that the true liberal must deny God, Providence, immortality. And it is often deemed strange, if not an inconsistency, by men who are not Christians and never have been under the influence of an early Christian education, that liberal men in the Christian pulpit will continue to speak of the Christ and will not cease laying the immortelles of reverent affectionate love at the feet of the thorn-crowned prophet of Nazareth. Such pseudo-liberalism of mere denial betrays only the ignorance of him who professing it in self-sufficient conceit would criticise as inconsistent or disloyal the positive assertions of others, who, to say the least, are as liberal as he—yea, more liberal than he, because while he does not understand they do understand, that the pathway of progressive truth is evolution and not revolution.

Is there so much new truth, after all? The unfolding process of liberalizing is indeed but a process of deepening and broadening the old river, which at first, indeed, was a narrow rill, but is, even in the moment of its juncture with the ocean, still the child of the earlier days and of the distant mountain peak. The Rhine is one from his Gothard birthplace to the Holland burial place—is one, if narrow at first and broad at last—is one throughout the length of his winding course. And so is the current of truth and liberal unfolding of truth but the sweep of one stream. Truth digs its own new channels and feeds them from the parental stream.

We do not announce a new truth—we preach the old truth, if possible deepened and broadened and burnished and purified. But before we were, the prophet had professed. It was not we that found or formulated the announcement of the better life, Isaiah and his school had sounded it before we were born. All the principles of society to be re-constituted today are contained in the sermon of Isaiah and his like.

Historical continuity is the condition of liberal—truly liberal work for fruitage. This condition the liberal may not disregard if his labor be other than the mere removing of ruins and the making of room for others. In this spirit our poet preacher of beauty ploughed and planted. As a poet he could not make the universe equal to a tantalizing zero, or a negative. He read its higher value as the revelation of God, without attempting to define God or to confine Him he found Him in the play of those wonderful forces round about us. And in the steps by which humanity scaled the heights and arrived at its present position, he recognized the working of Him, not ourselves, making for righteousness. He

"Doubted not that through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The poet must be God-intoxicated, and God-intoxicated was Swing. His liberalism therefore was of true fiber. Atheist is not liberal. Atheist at best is the scavenger that removes mud and dirt and filth. But to plant the flowers more is needed than the dung-hill and what the dung-hill holds. To woo the flower into beauty there needs much more than the phosphates—there needs the seed of the flower. Has atheism ever

scattered seed or ripened fruit? It owns what the garbage box can furnish and nothing more.

Yea, the truest, the most liberal men are God-intoxicated. Many churches may idol a God that is not God. If atheism is content to be protest against this fetichism, one may bear with it, though not with its illiberal arrogance! But when atheism would lay its heavy hand on the altar of nobler truth and on the truer service unto the living God, shall sound forth the warning: "Stay! lest thy hand be paralyzed," as was the hand, in the story of the Bible, of him who touched impiously God's own ark. God is. Such is the witness of the ages, their song and prophecy. And this God the liberal—this God our Professor Swing did preach Sunday after Sunday. This beautiful world is not the play-ground of blind chance, but is the symbol of a mind all enclasping, and the sign of a love all enfolding.

And this life cannot be the end, is the second stanza of the poet's lay of hope. This is also the assurance of the thinker whose philosophy would complete the segment visible into the whole circle! Kant, a second Columbus, in his discovery of a new continent in the ocean of thought, a new world conception, vaticinates, for all his pure reason, of the immortality of soul; as indeed every poet has sung it from the heart; every troubled and perplexed mind crying out in the night for the light has found in this hope comfort. Our immortal friend, messenger of beauty, could not believe and did not believe that after this life there would be less of beauty—or less of light; that sun and day would issue into primeval darkness and gloom. If thought alone had not whispered the brighter conception, his sense of beauty would have led him on to know and feel that the stars will twinkle on and the sun will shine on in the beyond wherever we may be.

But as in his God belief he did not dogmatize, so in his immortality belief he did not presume to draft the architectural design of that heavenly home or to regulate the details of admission or exclusion. He was impatient of all such arrogance. His poetic soul uttered its deepest convictions, and in imparting them to man and world he found stay and staff and satisfaction.

And he believed in Christ. Why should he not? Who would deny that that name tokens for millions the best that world has ever seen or will see? But the Christ he taught was not a fact so much as a force. It was not a Christ that once had risen from the grave, but a Christ that is still rising from the sepulchre. His gospel was not a redemption that once had taken place, but a redemption that is to take place now, every day. The Christ as preached by Swing is one way of stating the belief, which is certainly ours, in the continued life of love in man and through man in humanity. Christ to the Christian is the sublime formula hallowed by age and haloed by reverence. The sterner reformer, perhaps, wielding the axe which Abraham laid to the fathers' idols, might not have used the old term. But blessed be his use of the old term, for had he used another, many ears would have been deaf to his message that now were opened to the sweeter call of the better future through the Christlike life and the Christlike power for all the eternities. And he believed that in the personal Jesus was foreshadowed the peace of all good to be; he was certain that the words which fell from the lips of prophet of Nazareth contained in an intensity, shared by the words of no other mortal, the essence of the divine; that the one life in Jerusalem and the one death on Golgotha were type of the

life of humanity and its death unto a newer and nobler life.

Christ is, after all, an ideal. Each one has his own God, and each one builds his own Christ. I have a Christ in whom I believe, and so have you. We may perhaps not call it with a Greek name, "Christ"—we may use the old Hebrew word "Messiah"; but whosoever would from the imperfect proceed to the perfect, must be filled with the messianic spirit! Swing construed for himself his Jesus. The critical scholar of the German school may, perhaps, have shaken his head and had this to object and that to find fault with; and the old orthodox, perhaps, may have joined the liberal of the Dutch and German universities and pointed out here want of logic and there want of definiteness. What mattered that to the poet? The artist painted a Christ so perfect that whoever beheld his face was lifted up and inspired. The Christology of Swing as much as anything that he did belongs to the domain of the arts, and Canon Farrar, writing his book on Christ as conceived by artists, might add a chapter on the Christ conception of Swing.

Happy the age that treasures his Christ conception. Happy the generation that is eager to behold this bright ideal outlook and uplook into the possibilities of a redemption of man as pointed to by the poet whose harp is, alas! now broken, and whose song is, alas! now hushed in silence.

The theologian was but the frame of the man, and the man eclipsed in his glory the theologian. Not that Swing was not yeoman or did not take yeoman's part in attack or defense. His rapier was sharp at point and at edge, but so good a fencer was he that when he thrust the opponent felt no pain.

He was a great humorist, and withal a keen satirist. The poet of beauty makes light of the faults of men, of the small touches of black that at intervals discolored a beautiful field of glow. The world is beautiful and life is unto beauty, and God leads the world unto justice, and Christ rises from the grave to free men from the shackles of slavery: Why then lose patience with the faults and follies of men? Let us laugh them away. This is the natural conclusion of the poet temperament, and so our poet preacher laughed the faults of men away and the frailties of women. In his polemics his humor and his satire, keen and sharp, and yet unoffending, stood him in good stead. Who has characterized the ingrained stolidity of current theology better than he did even in his last utterance? It travels in an ox cart when all other thought is whirling along in an electric chariot. An ox cart may be said to circuit the world in twenty years—but an electric chariot covers the distance in eighty days perhaps, and we would rather go with the electric chariot than with the slow and steady ox cart. So might be piled one upon the other countless quaint but telling effects, of his humor, all classic in construction and barbed to have results which the bolder attack of passion cannot boast even in its greatest successes.

It almost goes without saying that our lamented guide and teacher was never so eloquent as when he pleaded for justice; that his sympathies bubbled forth a crystal spring to refresh those that were down-trodden. As Jews, especially, owe we a debt of gratitude to his memory. He spoke for us when there were but few to speak. He pleaded with those who degraded their Christianity, who, professing to be Christlike, were demonlike, robbed human beings of all that could help their humanity. When the tidal wave of misery sent on its errand by Russian cruelty swept across the ocean to our shores, he bade the refugees welcome,

denouncing with flaming tongue a system of church and state craft which could rob of home and almost of life, millions of our brothers.

And so he pleaded for the negro in the South, for the evicted in Ireland; wherever persecution raised her hydra head and from serpent tongue hissed forth its poisoned message of distrust, he pleaded for the larger love.

He was a patriot. His sympathies embraced the world, and yet he understood full well that the large universe is a great stellar family in which each planet has its own orbit and its own elliptic, the ideal being the center, the sun, around which each one in its own path, but in company with the others, doth travel. So humanity is not made up of bare men—it is made up of men in historic communities and under historic conditions; is made up of men that have a family, that belong to a town, that are gathered in a state, is made up of men that belong to a nation. And we belong, this he felt, to the American nation—one of the missionary nations of the world if she were true to her divine appointment—the ensign bearer of liberty and of love. Ah, he loved this America and gave the best he had to give of thought and of passion to the glorious banner of the Union.

His sermons may not have been models of theological construction. They may not have passed muster where the professor of homiletics reviews the exercises of pupils; but children of beauty, they carried conviction and thus directed aright the better inclinations of the human heart to love humanity and still not to forget country, family, state, nation and city.

And he had also a peculiar mission and position among us in these days of social distrust and social strife. We are all inclined to believe that the rich man, as such, has been and is in unholy league with all the satanic powers of hell. In the middle ages it was current superstition that stone might be turned to gold by alchemistic practices. There may be many today that argue that one who scales the height where money and wealth are found treasured, must be the confederate of Mephistopheles or an adept in Mephistophelian arts and sciences. It was his mission to show the other side of the picture; that not necessarily with wealth goes want of character; that wealth is an opportunity to which some are true, as poverty is an opportunity to which some alone are true. He had been schooled in the hard college of a hard struggle in early days—struggle for bread, a struggle for the bread of life, physical, mental and moral, and certainly his sympathy was with the strugglers; but as he had risen why should not everyone rise? He believed in energy of self. He believed in the saving power of sobriety, in thrift, and in economy. He did not believe and no one believes that there is a royal road to ease and to peace, which we need but travel to make the goal; and thus, as the speaker of a society representative in its composition of the best in the city, he spoke to his friends of their duties to those outside of their circle. But to those outside, he emphasized the knowledge, too, that not, as their distrust would lead them to believe, was the million always emblem of want of character or sluggishness of sympathies and of heart. His last message to us is indeed an appeal to be true to the American principles of liberty, of right and of duty—of regard one for the other. Perhaps in the din and in the confusion of the battle now raging, so sweet a voice as his would have been drowned. Perhaps a sterner clarion note is needed to stir the rich to action and the poor to reflection; to despoil the impostors that

now shame the sunshine of our liberty, perhaps a stronger light is needed than that soft beaming beacon of love and of beauty which was his; but in his swan-song is undying accent of truth. It is for us to translate that note into the louder appeal of duty and obligation, would we save our institutions in this hour of danger. By those who heed Swing's words our country will be lifted on the road to its final triumph—the solution of the social problem on a basis of equity and justice.

Is, now, his going from us a loss? It is, and it is not. I saw a picture this very summer in honor of a great sculptor, charmed on canvas by as great an artist of the brush. Surrounded by his very works, lies on the bed of glory—the couch of death, the sculptor who framed into life in chaste marble the children of his genius. His breaking eye is kissed in the last lingering light of the setting sun by a fair nymph, the latest of the artist's productions. What did the painter intend when in this wise he gathered around the death-bed of the sculptor all the works his fertile chisel had executed? Certainly this: the author of these children of the muses—their father in the flesh—may be transplanted, but they that with kiss send off him who made them, the nymphs, remain to beautify and inspire, to lift up others by informing them of him who hath gone. The great and good man's love remains and his works abide. Swing is not dead to us.

He does not belong to that long procession of the great and the glorious that I beheld this summer on a canvas made prophetic by the imagination of a great painter—a long procession of the mighty of earth—Alexander, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, all riding on in stately pageant over the bodies of dead and dying, and above them—these monarchs and despots who sent unto death the thousands, the very flower of their nations—over them with averted face and weeping eyes stands the Christ. In this procession Swing has no place. He was a man of peace. How beautiful on the mountain tops are the feet of him who announces peace on earth. He belongs to another procession over which the Christ hovers but to bless and not to weep; to those that made man better, not by the baptism of blood, but by the waters of purity and love and devotion and beauty. His works remain. He has not gone from us, and the immortality he so often put into sweet rhythm he himself is proof of. Is he not immortal? Some one has said, and has said it rightfully, Swing is the great gulf stream—a gulf stream of influence. This influence will travel on as does the gulf stream, speeding becalmed ships, warming cold climates, tempering the winds for those in the grasp of a torrid sun, but preserving his individuality in the mighty flow—in the ebb and the tide of the ocean! A gulf stream of influence for the best, for the noblest, for the truest, the liberal thought of religion was he; a child of the muses, son of beauty, translating the speech of nature unto us, and transmitting the messages of the ages unto us, foretelling the glories of the future, speaking of the rising love of redemption, of the beauty of the household of God the father, the unending life of each and all, he is now, as he was in his life, the torch-bearer of a better outlook into life, and of a broader love to bind man to man, the children of one God rising into the glories of one Messianic kingdom. "Thy kingdom come" was oft his prayer. He has helped make that kingdom nearer, more real to us. Blessed be his name. זכָר צִדְיק לְבָרָכה. "The memory of this righteous one is a blessing." Amen.

The Sunday School

Fifth Year of the Six Years' Course.

The Growth of Christianity.

BY REV. J. H. CROOKER.

LESSON X.

The Supremacy of the Papacy.

Chronology: The Eleventh Century. The great scholar, Anselm, 1033-1109. The great churchman, Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.), 1013-1085. An interesting story: Henry IV. at Conossa.

I. POLITICAL DISORDERS.

The ninth century opened in a blaze of glory, with the closing years of Charlemagne. It became one of the darkest of the Dark Ages. Disorders grew thick under his weak son, Louis; they rapidly multiplied under his three grandsons, who were worse than weak, and who, in 843, divided the empire among them into approximately what we know as Germany, France and Italy. The perfect union of church and state had been an attractive policy, but cross purposes and rival ambitions brought innumerable conflicts. The ideal of one imperial power seemed realized for a time, but disrupting passions and divergent interests parted it into small pieces. The work had to be started again down at the foundation, and the empire had to be slowly built up from many units. In each locality, some strong man held what he could get, and made himself the *lord* of that region. His subordinates received tracts of land from him on condition of fealty and service. They in turn held the common people as serfs attached to this land.

Out of these conditions arose what we call *Feudalism* (strong from 900 to 1300), a social and political system based on the tenure of land. It grouped the people in various graded ranks, held fast by the circumstance of birth. It meant the supremacy of the local baron, exacting service of all below him and paying little attention to any one above. These barons built castles; lived a free, wild life, and engaged in perpetual intrigue, war and plunder. There was no central authority, no common purpose; and for two centuries western Europe presented a dismal scene. And yet, in all this tumult, some larger statecraft was slowly learned; small districts clustered into principalities, and the beginnings of nations were made. Also, in time the lower orders fought their way up toward independence and equality. Feudalism was a temporary expedient, which, for a while, gave a certain amount of local order. The powerful were in a sense protectors; the masses were taught and developed through service. A rough school and yet a school, out of which came our modern times.

II. PAPAL DISGRACES.

All these things made it hard for the church, which stood for unity and peace. The independence of local rulers stood in the way of papal policies; this made it difficult to win and discipline the people. The principle of heredity, central in feudalism, was opposed to the ideals of the gospel and the interests of the church. It built up powerful families with ambitions of their own. The church itself became *feudalized*. The bishop himself became a temporal lord, a great land-owner, a slave-owner, a worldly prince with an army of his own. Here was a man who cared little about either religion or Rome. But more than this: The baron insisted on making his pets church officials, regardless of the wishes of the pope. This led, in many places, to a very degraded clergy, men of impure lives, who neglected

their priestly duties, sided with rulers in oppression of the people, and sold church positions to the highest bidder, the crime of simony. In time a corrupt clergy would lead to corrupt popes. It was not surprising that in the tenth century the papal power at Rome fell into the hands of very bad men. The papacy became little more than a worldly government, and a very evil one, engaged in wars and sunk in debaucheries. The church was then very much degraded; the power of the pope very much weakened.

But here we must turn aside to look at another line of facts. As early as 600, Pope Gregory I. claimed that Constantine had given Italy to the bishop of Rome, making him a supreme temporal ruler. This came to be called the *donation of Constantine*. The popes claimed that this had been renewed by Pepin in 755 (who probably told the pope simply that he could keep what he could capture), and confirmed in a deed (now lost) by Charlemagne in 775. The truth seems to be that the donation of Constantine is a pure fiction, and that Charlemagne, while friendly to the church, for the support of which he established in 779 a general tax called tithes, made no such grant to the pope, for he actually ruled in Italy as in other parts of the empire. But on these claims was based (and is still based) the claim of the pope to temporal power in Rome.

Papal ambition grew as the years passed, and sought to create supports for itself. About 857 appeared what purported to be authoritative letters, *decreta*, from Clement, the successor of Peter at Rome, and his followers in that office, asserting the superiority of the pope to all earthly government, and his right to make and unmake kings. We now know that these were forgeries, and they are called the "Forged Decretals." But for centuries they were used as genuine; they served the purpose of their creation; and upon these fictions the supremacy of the papacy was built. And yet, this papal power could not have been built had there not been conditions, which made some such power necessary, which wise leaders skilfully used; and used, too, often for the good of human society. The Catholic now admits the spurious character of these decretals, but claims that the principle they embody was laid down by Jesus in the commission that he gave to Peter! What we know is that even Leo I. and his successors waited for the approval of the Roman emperor before assuming the papal office, while in the tenth century the popes were virtually appointed by some one of the great secular powers.

III. THE WORK OF HILDEBRAND.

By about 1050, affairs were nearing a crisis along the lines just described. The barons, in opposition to Rome, made their favorites bishops; the cause of religion was neglected; the papacy was weak and corrupt; the clergy were degraded and insubordinate. On the other hand, the secular governments did little for the higher instincts of civilization. There was a craving for some great leader who would bring order out of confusion, establish authority, and give unity. The claims of the pope to supremacy were bearing fruit, and many were looking in this direction for deliverance. And then Hildebrand, a carpenter's son, born in Tuscany, whose promise as a lad gained for him a good education, appeared upon the scene, to reform the church and redeem society, by making the supremacy of the papacy a reality and infusing into it a new spirit. A man of immense resources, impressive bearing, powerful will, and tremendous energy, for twenty-four years he directed six popes in

asserting the authority of the papacy, and then for twelve years, 1073-1085, he was himself pope, taking the name Gregory VII.

Hildebrand was a great politician, who knew how to use one power against another, taking advantage of the jealousies of kings and the disorders of the time to gain his point and advance the interests of Rome. He could touch men through their ambitions, leading some by their selfishness, while commanding others by appeals to their better nature. These policies Rome has since followed; the papal system which he built up still endures.

The particular things which he accomplished were these: 1. He reformed the clergy, subjecting them to rigid discipline and inspiring them with a new spirit. He enforced the rule of celibacy, toward which the church had been growing; and this was done in a very hard and despotic manner. This gave the church a definite army, with no ties or ambitions except those that pointed churchward. 2. He put an end to "lay investiture," the privilege of the noble or king to appoint favorites to church positions. This brought all ecclesiastics directly and solely under command of the pope. 3. He asserted and maintained the superiority of the papacy to all temporal powers, and the right of the pope to make and unmake kings, using against rulers the two weapons: *excommunication*, which cuts the individual off from the church, and *interdict*, which lays a whole nation under condemnation, so that no church can be opened and no rite performed.

It was the latter that brought Henry IV. to plead with him at Canossa, where he kept the king standing in the cold for four days before he would receive the royal penitent. Hildebrand is, then, an interesting, but not an attractive figure. A great character, doing some useful things, but too worldly, too hard, too artful. It was a most marvelous system that he built, a despotism representing the supremacy of the intellect over brute force; but as unlike the spirit of Jesus as possible. He died in exile from Rome, but his policy has been supreme in that city from that day until this.

IV. THE CHURCH AS A RELIGIOUS ADMINISTRATION.

Let us stop a moment and see what Christianity has become. Instead of being, as originally, a free and independent congregation, cultivating a corporate life in the spirit of Jesus, the church has become a scene of administration. The people are passive spectators. The clergy are not servants but a sacerdotal class, standing apart and ruling by fear rather than love. Instead of leading the people in instruction and fellowship and helpfulness, they administer to them sacraments and disciplines, chiefly through the *mass* and the *confessional*. Religion, that was formerly a desire and practice of righteousness, is now largely an affair of ritual.

The free and informal *supper* of the early church, a means of communion in the memory and spirit of Jesus, has grown to be a sacrifice (the *mass*), where God is supposed to become really incarnate in the bread and wine, which, loaded with magical powers, bring God into touch with the soul to pardon, defend and save. About this time the discussion arose respecting the manner in which God is present in these elements, whether symbolically the body and blood of Christ, or actually made into the real body and blood of the Lord, the latter being called the theory of the "Real Presence." And this theory prevailed—that in the sacrifice of the mass God mystically and miraculously comes

into the bread and wine, and, though they appear outwardly the same as before, they are actually the real body of Christ (the change is called *transubstantiation*), to partake of which is the one great means of salvation. God himself is there to protect from Satan and give everlasting life. Finally the wine, or the cup, was withheld from the laity, chiefly for two reasons: (1) from motives of economy; and (2) from fear of desecration by spilling it. This is the Catholic practice to-day; but the bread in the form of a wafer (called the *host*) is given to all communicants.

The public confession of the early time, connected with the beautiful grace of forgiveness, slowly changed into a sacramental rite, something with magical power in which a priest must participate. Leo I. insisted on private *auricular confession*. In the time of Hildebrand this was obligatory once a year. True confession, it was taught, includes three things: penitence of the heart, confession by word of mouth to a priest, absolution from punishment through some specific meritorious work,—*a penance*. For the latter a payment of money might be substituted,—called "the sale of indulgences." The church asserted its power to pardon sin, and the terms on which it did this was *an indulgence*. It assumed that true repentance went along with the penance or payment; but this was not always the case, and around this point terrible abuses clustered.

As the priest alone could administer these sacraments, bringing God near in the mass and granting pardon in the confessional, the people themselves were destitute of religious action and saving grace. They were utterly helpless; all this must come from the priest. It is easy to see what a tremendous power this system gave the church. Especially as those were times ruled by terrible fear of Satan and his omnipresent legion of friends, against whom the priesthood could alone provide protection. To the people religion presented itself either as deliverance from demoniacal influence or the acquisition of merit through the rites of the church, and for both purposes the priest was necessary. The priesthood saw nothing for the church to do but dispense these means of grace in mass and confessional. Religion had become an administration of sacraments. The church, so equipped, was an engine of absolute and irresistible power, working sometimes in helpful ways for the good of humanity, but more often in those days selfish in motive and despotic in spirit.

See Allen "Christian History," vol. II., chaps. I.-III., for a general survey of this field; Adams, "Civilization during the Middle Ages," chap. IX., gives an admirable account of Feudalism; Trench, "Medieval Church History," chap. IX., presents an interesting sketch of Hildebrand; longer accounts, both Protestant and Catholic, may be found in Milman, "Latin Christianity," book VII., chap. I., and Alzog, "Church History," vol. II., pp. 481-510; Bryce, "Holy Roman Empire," chap. X., discusses these subjects in their larger relations; Stephens's "Hildebrand and his Times" is a useful manual; Emerton, "Medieval Europe," chap. VIII., gives an extended and valuable description of the times and struggle of Hildebrand.

Questions on Lesson X.

How does the Chambered Nautilus of Holmes's poem build his shell? Do men thus build chambers out of which they must move if they would live and grow?

1. Feudalism.

Was Feudalism the chamber of such a shell? Why did men build it? Why move out of it later? What new chamber did they move into? Are they moving out of monarchy now? Will they move out of democracy?

2. Papacy.

Is shell-building necessary for organic growth in religion? Do all religions build such chambered shells? What was one of the earliest chambers that Christianity built after it left the Hebrew chamber of its shell? What was the position of the pope at first? What new demands came with the spread of Christianity? What still larger demands with the fall of the Roman Empire?

3. Papal Supremacy.

How did the church use the "donation" and the "decretals" to build itself a larger chamber? How did this chamber affect Latin Christianity? How did it affect European civilization? What did Hildebrand have to do with it? How could a carpenter's son become pope? How did this make the papacy stronger than hereditary monarchy? Is it "natural selection."

4. The Mass and the Confessional.

What was the Mass? How did it arise? How did the church use it? Was it a necessary chamber in the growing shell?

What is meant by "penances?" What by "indulgences?" How did they arise? Are they natural stage of growth? Do our children still pass through them? How did the church use them and abuse them? Does any church still use hell as a penance and heaven as an indulgence?

What chamber did the Protestants build? How do the books of the Bible, in their origin and use, resemble the "forged decretals?" Can any chamber of any shell be made so strong that men cannot get out of it? Or so large that they cannot outgrow it? Do men have to come out of the Christian shell to reach their full stature? Will men ever outgrow shells altogether?

Sunday-School Notes.

FRIENDS OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

The following persons have shown their interest in the work of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society by annual membership contributions since the May meeting:

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Mr. C. Howard Wilson, Greeley, Colo.	1
Mr. H. W. Brown, Lincoln, Neb. (2 years)	2
Miss Evelyn Walker, Chicago	1

Total membership receipts to date \$26

We hope that others will imitate the good example here set and send in their names and their money, as our expenses are unusually heavy just now, owing to the publication of the new edition of Mr. Blake's Sunday School Service Book, which will be out the first week of November.

WATER IN THE TREATMENT OF TYPHOID.—

Dr. Maillart (*Revue de Médecine*, Paris, March 10) favors the treatment of typhoid with large quantities of water. The patient should receive from five to six quarts of water daily during the febrile period. The results are progressive subsidence of the febrile process, disappearance of the dryness of the tongue, and a marked sedative influence upon the nervous, circulatory, and renal phenomena, probably owing to the oxidation, solution, and elimination of the toxins produced in the progress of the disease, and also of the dejecta. This mode of treatment has no noteworthy influence upon the course, the duration, or the evolution of the disease, is not attended with unpleasant complications, and is easy of application.

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Notes from the Field

PERSONS, who live where there is no liberal preaching and who desire to have such preaching, are requested to communicate with the chairman of the Missionary Committee of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, REV. A. W. GOULD, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

A Free Course of Liberal Lectures.

A course of liberal lectures under the auspices of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will be given in towns not too far from Chicago. The following persons have already consented to speak in the course:

A. W. Gould, "The Future of Religion"; R. F. Johnnot, "Is There Need of a Liberal Church?" J. L. Jones, "The Parliament of Religions and What Follows"; H. W. Thomas, "The New Theology"; B. F. Underwood, "Religion From the Standpoint of Science"; R. A. White, "The Untouched Remnant"; Celia P. Woolley, "The Thought of God."

The only charges will be the traveling expenses of the speakers. Places desiring such lectures are requested to address A. W. Gould, Chairman of the Missionary Committee, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The Illinois Congress of Liberal Religious Societies to be held at Streator, Illinois, November 20, 21 and 22.

A State Congress of the Liberal Religious forces of Illinois will be held under the auspices of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies at Streator, Ill., November 20, 21 and 22. The officers of the American Congress will have charge of the preparation and the meeting until it is able to organize itself. The object will be to foster the feeling of fraternity among those who are in the main like-minded concerning the funda-

ments of religion, though differently named, and to see whether it is not possible for such forces to unite in a systematic and well-directed propaganda, in the interest of humanity, and in quest of knowledge, justice, love and reverence. All societies in sympathy with this object within the state are requested to send delegations of three or more, and all individuals throughout the state who are interested, are cordially invited to come. A program which will consider vital questions of the present day is in course of preparation and will be duly announced.

If the time is ripe for this onward step of the liberal forces anywhere, it is ripe in Illinois. Let us have a large and earnest meeting to prove that our faith is practical, and that our practice is worth our faith.

For further particulars inquire of Rev. L. J. Duncan, Streator, Ill., of the local committee, or of the undersigned.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Gen'l Sec'y of the American Congress of
Liberal Religious Societies.

PROGRAM.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.
8 P. M. Opening sermon by Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Chicago.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.
9 A. M. Devotional Meeting in charge of Rev. R. F. Johnnot.

10 A. M. Business. Appointment of Committees, etc.

11 A. M. "What are we Doing?" Short reports from localities represented.

12:30 P. M. Adjournment.

2 P. M. "What the Churches can do Towards Solving the Present Social Problem." Paper by Rev. C. F. Bradley of Quincy. Discussion by John E. Williams of Streator, for the laboring man; by Col. W. P. Rend of Chicago, for the capitalist and employer; and by others.

3:30 P. M. "What a Liberal Church can do for a Community." By Dr. Thomas Kerr, of Rockford, followed by discussion.

8 P. M. Addresses.

1. "The Change of front on the part of the Churches from Theology to Sociology," by Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, of Indianapolis, Ind.

2. "The Claims of the Future," by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, and others.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

9 A. M. Devotional Meeting conducted by Rev. A. N. Alcott of Elgin.

10 A. M. "What we can do Together," by Rev. R. A. White of Chicago, *Universalist*; Rev. Joseph Stoltz, of Chicago, *Jew*; Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Chicago, President of the Illinois Unitarian Conference, *Unitarian*; Rev. R. B. Marsh, of Peoria, *Independent*.

12:30 P. M. Adjournment.

2 P. M. "The Unchurched: What can we do for and with them?" Introduction by B. F. Underwood, Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Discussion by Rev. A. W. Gould, Chairman of the General Missionary Committee; Rev. J. L. Duncan, of Streator; Rev. A. N. Alcott, of Elgin, and others.

3 P. M. Business.

8 P. M. Social Reception.

Among the other speakers who are expected and have promised to speak are the following: Rev. Joseph Stoltz, Chicago; Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Chicago; Rev. M. H. Harris, Chicago; Rev. M. J. Miller, Geneseo; Rev. Aaron J. Messing, Chicago; Rev. Frank M'Alpine, Peoria.

It is planned to have many short addresses, rather than a few long papers. Fellowship and work will be our general theme and aim.

Streator can be reached via the Sante Fe, C., B. & Q. and Chicago & Alton R. R. Persons living on the Illinois Central or Rock Island can also reach Streator; the former via La Salle, the latter via La Salle or Ottawa. All those wishing to attend are requested to notify, as soon as possible, the pastor, Rev. L. J. Duncan, or Mrs. Carrie M. Plumb, Secretary of the church, so that arrangements for hospitality can be perfected

as completely as possible beforehand. Those arriving on Tuesday or on the following evening will report at the Opera House; those arriving during the day will go to Belvidere Hall.

Invitation.

The Church of Good Will, of Streator, Ill., sends cordial greetings and a hearty welcome to the Liberal Societies within the state, of whatever faith or name, and all other persons who desire to attend the meetings on November 20, 21 and 22, called for the purpose of organizing a State Congress of Liberal Religious Societies,—extending to all the hospitality of our homes. Those intending to accept this hospitality will confer a favor by so informing the secretary of the church.

Organized two years ago upon the unrestricted fellowship of a common humanity, and working in the common bond of desire to know the truth, to live the right and to help mankind, we are in full accord with the object of these meetings as stated in the call and have an experiential faith in the ripeness of the time. Therefore we bid you, come.

W. H. LUKINS, *President*.

MRS. CARRIE M. PLUMB, *Secretary*.
L. J. DUNCAN, *Minister*.

Missouri Valley Conference.

This conference will meet with Mr. Robert's church in Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 13 and 14. There will be sermons by Mr. Fenn and Mr. Forbush, a paper by Mr. G. H. Putnam, of Carthage, Mo., and a Sunday-school Lesson conducted by Mr. Gould.

Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.

Studies of Problems of American Citizenship were commenced at All Souls Church a week ago last Monday evening. This is the Philosophy section of the Unity Club. The aim is to study the questions of public policy which the citizens of this country are in their sovereign capacity called upon to decide. Both sides of each question are to be handled by experts. By hearing both sides of the case the listener is in a better condition to de-

cide intelligently than is the case where he hears but one side, and that side likely to be exaggerated because of the absence of the opposition. The subjects selected for the class by Dr. Small, Head Professor in Sociology, University of Chicago, are as follows:

Should Single Persons and Married Men over twenty-five years of age, who cannot Read and Write in their own language, be permitted to immigrate?

Should the Springer Bill for Arbitration between Employer and Employee become a law?

Should Employment Bureaus be conducted by the State of Illinois as in Ohio?

Should there be a Department of Labor in the President's Cabinet?

How Should Convict Labor be employed?

Should there be a Compulsory Education Law providing for the teaching of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic in the English Language?

Should all further Enfranchisement be based upon an Educational Qualification?

Should National Party Lines be preserved in Municipal Elections?

How best to Control the Liquor Traffic: High License, Prohibition, State Dispensaries. Should the Single Tax prevail?

The first of the above topics was the subject of last Monday evening's discussion. Prof. Bemis of the University of Chicago, who is engaged in the University Extension Work, and whose specialty is Social Science, took the negative. The affirmative was not represented, as the change from the proposed study of James's Psychology to Studies of Problems in American Citizenship had been decided upon only two weeks previous. Prof. Bemis occupied the time assigned for both the negative and affirmative, giving an exhaustive statement of the effects which immigration in general has upon the United States, and the effect also of illiteracy. The Professor has made a careful study of the question and presented a summary of the statistics furnished by the Bureau of Immigration and of recent censuses. The increase of immigration from eastern and southern

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Europe is surprising; not many years ago it was only one per cent. of the total number of immigrants, while from 1890 to 1894 it has averaged about forty per cent. As to illiteracy, among the Scandinavians, English and Germans only about one per cent. of the immigrants cannot read and write, while of the Huns twenty-eight per cent. cannot read or write, of the Poles fifty-six per cent., of the Italians sixty-six and three-fourths per cent. The adoption of reading and writing as a prerequisite to immigration is, the Professor says, "a convenient test, easily made, and somewhat in harmony with our institutions; and, besides, illiteracy is usually associated with a low standard of living." "Ignorance and self-government do not work well together." Two principal reasons given for the exclusion of illiterate immigrants were, first, their low standard of living, and, second, the fact that an increase in the number of laborers within a country, after a certain point is reached, tends to keep wages down. The premise to the entire argument was that no one can claim that, because indiscriminate immigration has been beneficial, in the future the result will be the same. Conditions are changed. We used to have immense tracts of free fertile land awaiting the agriculturist; now our free lands are so poor that they are not accepted as a gift.

Canton, Ohio.
Word comes that a liberal movement has started in this city under the inspiration of the Liberal Congress. Rev. S. S. Condo, formerly a Methodist minister, has set to work preaching the freer gospel, and already has a congregation of one hundred and fifty.

Geneva, III.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 21, Mrs. C. P. Woolley was ordained. The ordination service was conducted by Rev. T. H. Edwodes, at the representative of the congregation, of which he is a member. But after his service an ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Jones, who spoke on the voice of the Spirit to the church. Mr. Jones also gave the charge to the minister, while Mr. Gould gave the right hand of fellowship. The charge to the congregation was given by Rev. J. H. Acton, of the People's Church in Aurora. The annual meeting of the church was held on the 25th, and the reports showed that over six hundred dollars had been raised in addition to the regular expenses, to pay the remaining debt on the parsonage and to purchase an organ. The Sunday school has just published a catalogue which numbers over 600 volumes. Unity Club, the Ladies' Society, the Sunday school, and the Lend-a-Hand Club have each a small surplus in the treasury. About forty dollars were raised for missionary purposes. The following trustees were elected for the coming year: B. W. Dodson, chairman, Orville T. Peckham and Julia C. Blackman.

Greenville, S. C.

The Woman's Alliance of Greenville, South Carolina, have decided upon an apron sale the last of November as the means of bringing in something to be added to their building fund.

Contributions of aprons of any description are solicited from the readers of **UNITY**.

We are making progress in our community, but as we are only a dozen, we need help from all who sympathize with the liberal movement. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. M. P. Gridley or Mrs. A. Viola Neblitt.

Littleton, N. H.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association met at Littleton, October 18 and 19. This was made the occasion of the ordination of Mr. W. P. Elkins by the Association, Rev. Dr. S. C.

Beane and Rev. Messrs. L. F. Snapp, J. M. Wathen, Enoch Powell, Lyman Clark, J. B. Morrison, C. C. Vinal and J. E. Wright taking part in the service. On the following morning the devotional service was conducted by Rev. A. N. Somers, and after the business meeting a platform meeting, on "The Religion of Jesus—Its Place and Help in Modern Life," was begun by an address by Rev. James E. Wright. Later the topic, "Our Field, our Mission and our New Unitarian Banner," was discussed in short addresses.

Erie, Pa.

During the month of October services were held in the Universalist church morning and evening, in the evening service religion being approached from the side of art. The Young People's meetings were given Oct. 9 to devotional services; Oct. 23, to a general entertainment, and Oct. 16 and 30, to Political Economy, the topics being "Land and Labor" and "Capital—Its Origin and Office." Rev. Howard MacQuerry, the pastor, conducted the class in political economy. On the monthly bulletin of the church the following statement appears:

WHAT UNIVERSALISTS BELIEVE.

1. We believe in one God, whose nature is Love, but we do not believe in the Trinity.
2. We believe that Jesus Christ was the greatest religious Teacher of history, but we do not believe that he was God.
3. We believe that man is by nature a child of God, and therefore he is not "totally depraved."
4. We believe in the immortality of the soul.
5. We believe in just retribution, but not in the endless punishment of the wicked. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap here and hereafter."
6. We believe that all men will sooner or later, in this world or in the next, be saved from sin and misery and do God's will.
7. We believe that this salvation will be effected, not by Christ's atonement but by obeying the moral laws of God. Salvation by *character*, not salvation by *creed or faith* is what we teach.
8. We believe that the Bible is the best piece of religious literature, but it is not infallible in every word or passage, nor is it the only "inspired book."
9. We believe in the Church—that is, in organized effort for the promotion of truth and righteousness.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Unity Club of the Unitarian church here continues its three sections this year. The Literature Section will have for its work a study of the novel with the following topics:

1. The Literary and Ethical Value of the Novel. Old English Novelists: Fielding; Smollett.
2. The Great Romancers: Scott; Dumas.
3. The Character Readers: Thackeray; Balzac.
4. The Analytical Novelists: Hawthorne; George Eliot; Howells.
5. The Russian Novelists: Turgueff; Tolstoi.
6. Contemporary French Fiction.
7. The Modern Development of the Short Story.
8. My Favorite Novel.

The Evolution Section will study plants under the lead of Prof. C. R. Barnes of the University of Wisconsin. And a general course of lectures by eminent scientific men will also be arranged.

G.

St. Joseph, Mo.

Unity church is bravely trying to go on another year without a settled minister. Mr. Roberts comes up from Kansas City and speaks Sunday evenings, and Mr. W. F. Dyer has been chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school, which meets in the forenoon;

so that good work is being done both for the children and the older people.

G.

San Francisco, Cal.

The trustees of the Second Unitarian church have arranged for a series of fortnightly lectures on Social Evolution, to be given by university professors, as follows: Oct. 19,

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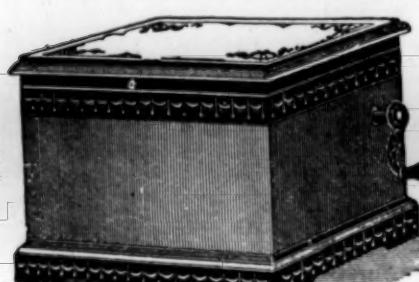
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Prof. E. A. Ross, Ph. D. (Economics), "The Evolution of the Family;" Nov. 2, Prof. David Starr Jordan, Ph. D. (President of Stanford University), "The Evolution of the Common Man;" Nov. 16, Dr. Ross (as above), "The Origin of Goodness;" Nov. 30, Prof. W. W. Thoburn, Ph. D. (Zoology), "The Evolution of Religion;" Dec. 14, Prof. W. H. Hudson (English), "Evolution of the Moral Sanction;" Dec. 28, Dr. Ross (as above), "The Evolution of the State."

Correspondence

The Streator Congress.

Letters continue to come in concerning the Streator Congress indicative of an important meeting. The following extracts from letters from pastors in the State will indicate better than anything else the temper of the movement and the attitude which the pastors in the State are taking towards it:

Rev. R. F. Johannot, pastor of Unity church, Oak Park: "I shall certainly endeavor to attend personally. * * * My people feel that they have given all the time that can be spared to such meetings, having already attended three conventions, but the Congress will have our hearty sympathy in its objects and it may be possible we can send delegates. I will certainly bring the matter before the society at the proper time."

Rev. R. A. White, pastor of the Englewood Universalist church: "I have already written you that I am going to Streator. I have advertised the meeting in our parish paper. I will give notice from pulpit several times. How many of our people will go is a question. The distance is against many from Chicago attending * * * May the work of unifying the liberal forces go bravely on. I am willing to do what my other work will allow me to do to help it."

Rev. A. J. Messing, minister Kehilath B'nai Sholom congregation, Chicago: "I am heart and soul with you in the liberal movement. I personally intend being with you in Streator."

Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt, pastor Unitarian church, Sheffield, Ill.: "If it is possible, I will be there and will do my part."

Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, pastor Unity church, Chicago: "I mean to come and shall of course be glad to lend a hand in helping on interdenominational fellowship."

Rev. E. Eppstein, minister B'nai Sholom congregation, Quincy, Ill.: "I wish the Congress all possible success."

Rev. M. J. Miller, Geneseo: "Your invitation ought not to be lightly set aside. The object of the Congress attracts my attention and awakens new interest. There is a prophecy in the air to lift us from our placid moorings."

Rev. M. H. Harris, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist): "You have a most admirable program for your meeting. I am sure I should enjoy the meeting to a great degree. Shall be most happy to be present if no obstacle comes to prevent."

Rev. W. W. Fenn, pastor of the First Unitarian church, Chicago: "I expect to attend the Congress not only in my own person but also as representing the Illinois Unitarian Conference."

Rev. Frank M'Alpine, pastor First Universalist church, Peoria, Ill.: "I should enjoy the meeting very much and will try to attend. Just at present, however, I am not certain about my time. I will read your call to my church, and shape matters to attend if possible."

Rev. L. W. Brigham, pastor of the Universalist church at Macomb: "It would afford me great pleasure to attend the Streator Congress did circumstances permit. Such we cannot always control, and it will be impossible for me to be present. Hoping good results will follow the Congress, leading to a closer and more fraternal relation of all works on behalf of universal truth, I remain yours cordially."

Rev. Max. Landsberg, rabbi of the Jewish congregation at Rochester, writes, not concerning the Streator meeting, but the work of the Congress in general, of which he is a director: "I have full sympathy with the

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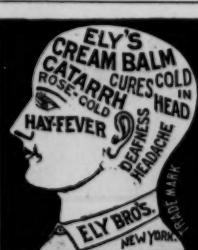
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work. I am heart and soul with you and shall be delighted to do anything in my power to further the end and aim of the organization which is in complete harmony with the work to which I have devoted my life."

Rev. R. B. Marsh, pastor of the People's Church of Peoria: "I am deeply interested in this matter and so are my people. * * * I shall be with you if possible and take some one at least, as I did to the other Congress. I shall be pleased to help in any way you desire."

The Study Club.

It is hoped that a complete program for a year's work may be given each week in *UNITY*, along with such other matter as may be of help to those interested in the intellectual side of our work, and we urge all of the clubs, of whatever name, to send us their programs as early as possible.

Program of the Economic Section of the Unity Club of the First Unitarian Church, Omaha, 1894-95.

The work of the Club is divided among the following sections: I. Economics; II. Shakespeare and Dramatics; III. Contemporary Poets; IV. Lectures.

Any person interested in the work of the Club, may become a member on payment of an annual fee of one dollar.

ECONOMIC SECTION: MONETARY HISTORY AND THEORY.

Charles S. Lobingier, Director.

Nov. 2. *Primitive Money.* 1. Nature and Functions of Money as Illustrated by its Origin. (Jevons, "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," Chs. iii., iv. Walker, "Money," Chs. i., iii.) 2. Emergence from the Barter Stage, and what it Signifies. (Sherwood, History and Theory of Money, Lecture I. Jevons, Ch. i.) 3. Early Systems of Currency. (Ridgeway, "Origin of Currency," etc., Ch. ii. Jevons, Chs. iv., v. Walker, Ch. ii.)

Nov. 23. *Metallic Money.* 1. Early use of Precious Metals as Money and Reasons therefor. (Ridgeway, Chs. v., vi. Jevons, Ch. vi. Sherwood, Lectures ii., iii. Jacob, "The Precious Metals," Vol. I.) 2. Token Money. (Nicholson, "Money and Monetary Problems," Ch. iv. Walker, Ch. xii. Jevons, Ch. xvi.) 3. Coinage: (a) Purpose, (b) Advantages and Drawbacks, (c) Seigniorage, (d) Debasement. (Sherwood, pp. 68-75, 367-70. Walker, Ch. ii. Jevons, Chs. vii., xiii. Nicholson, p. 42.)

Dec. 14. *Paper Money.* 1. Nature of Paper Money and Motives for its Issue. (Sherwood, Lecture ix. Walker, Chs. xiv., xvii., xviii., xxii. Jevons, Ch. xviii.) 2. Economic Effects as Illustrated in History: (a) American Paper Currency, (b) The French Assignats, (c) Other Examples. (Walker, Chs. xv., xvi.) 3. Money and Intrinsic Value.

Jan. 11. *Banking and Credit.* 1. Banking in General—Its Operations and Processes: (a) Deposit, (b) Discount, (c) Exchange, (d) Issue, (e) The Check and Clearing House Systems. (Dunbar, "History and Theory of Banking," Chs. ii., iv. McLeod, "Elements of Banking," Chs. v., vii., ix. "Theory and Practice of Banking," (4th ed.) Chs. vi., viii., xviii., xix. Sherwood, Lectures iv., v. Walker, "Money, Trade and Banking," Chs. xii., xiii. Jevons, Chs. xx., xxii.) 2.

The Economic Functions of Banking. (McLeod, "Elements," Ch. vi. "Theory" (4th ed.) Ch. vi.) 3. Credit and Credit Instruments, and their Relation to the Money Supply. (McLeod, "Elements," Chs. iv., v., x. "Theory," (4th ed.) Chs. iv., v., xx. Jevons, Chs. iv., xvii., xix., xxii.)

Feb. 1. *The Two Standards: Introductory.* 1. The Amount of Money and its Relation to the Economic Welfare. (Jevons, Ch. xxvi. Sherwood, Lecture viii. Walker, Chs. iii., iv. Nicholson, Chs. v., vi.) 2. Gresham's Law and the Distribution of Money. (Nicholson, Ch. iv. Sherwood, p. 387. Jevons, Ch. viii. Walker, "Money," Ch. iii.) 3. Production of Precious Metals in Modern Times and its Effect on the Money Supply. (Walker, "Money," Chs. v., viii. Nicholson, p. 165. Patterson, "The New Golden Age," Jacob, "The Precious Metals," Vol. II.)

Feb. 22. *The Two Standards, Continued: International Bimetallism.* 1. History of Bimetallism: (a) In the United States, (b) The Latin Monetary Union. (Laughlin, "History of Bimetallism." Horton, "Silver in Europe." Jevons, Chs. xii., xiv.) 2. Advantages of Bimetallism. (Nicholson, pp. 190, 247. Horton, "The Silver Pound.") 3. Objections to Bimetallism. (Giffen, "The Case against Bimetallism.")

March 15. *The Two Standards, Concluded: Domestic Free Coinage.* 1. Sketch of Current Money Standards: (a) Gold Using Countries, (b) Silver Using Countries. (Jevons, Chs. xii., xiv. Walker, "Money.")

2. Argument for Free Coinage. 3. Argument against Free Coinage.

April 5. *Monetary Panics.* 1. Nature and History of Panics. (Juglar, "Brief History of Panics." Hyndman, "Commercial Crises of the Nineteenth Century." Nicholson, p. 109. Stevens, "Analysis of the Panic of '93," [Quar. Jour. of Economics, Jan. '94.] 2. Causes of Panics. (Jevons, "Investigations in Currency and Finance," Essays i., vi., viii. Sherwood, Lecture xii.) 3. Prevention and Remedy of Panics.

The program each evening consists of the presentation and discussion of papers on the foregoing topics. The references following each, are to books in the Omaha Public Library, and are designed to enable all members of the club to investigate beforehand the subject for each meeting. It is requested that papers be limited to twenty minutes, and that as soon as read, each paper, or a copy of it, be deposited with the secretary of the club for preservation.

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The Study Table

The Newest Books.

All books sent to *UNITY* for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of *UNITY* will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN. By Lafcadio Hearn. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 8 vo, pp. 699; \$4.00.

THE ARTIFICIAL MOTHER: A MARITAL FANTASY. By G. H. P. With illustrations by A. W. Van Deusen. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo, pp. 31; 75 cents.

A SAINT. Translated from Paul Bourget's "Pastels of Men," by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Illustrated by P. Chabas. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1895. Silk paper boards, gilt edges, 12 mo, pp. 82; \$1.00.

CICERO and the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. L. Strachan-Davidson, M. A., fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. (*Heroes of the Nations Series*). New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo, pp. 446; \$1.50.

VENICE. By Althea Wiel. (*The Story of the Nations Series*) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo, pp. 478; \$1.50.

AN ALTAR OF EARTH. By Thymol Monk. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 16 mo, pp. 233; \$1.50.

A HUSBAND OF NO IMPORTANCE. By Rita. (Incognito Library.) New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 18 mo, pp. 186; 50 cents.

JOLLY GOOD TIMES TODAY. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 12 mo, pp. 281; \$1.25.

LITTLE MISS FAITH: The Story of a Country Week at Falcons-Height. By Grace L. Baron. (*The Hazelwood Stories*) Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 16 mo, pp. 174; 75 cents.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER: OR THE WAR ON THE BORDER. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 8 vo, pp. 451; \$1.50.

A FLORIDA SKETCH-BOOK. By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12 mo, pp. 242; \$1.25.

TRUE LIBERALISM. By W. L. Sheldon. Ethical Addresses, No. 7. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston. Paper, 8vo, pp. 18-x.; 12 cents.

STEPS INTO JOURNALISM. By Edwin Llewellyn Shuman. Evanston, Ill.: Corre-

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Nature Stories for Young Readers: **ANIMAL LIFE.** By Florence Bass. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Paper boards, 12 mo, pp. 172; 35 cents.

THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE. Collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. VOL. II. 1779-1792. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, gilt top, large 8vo, pp. 523; \$2.50.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges are no higher in price than the worthless imitations. Ask to see them.

Announcements

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, will preach at 11 A. M. on "The Word of the Spirit to the Home." Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. At 8 P. M. Mr. Zeublin will give the sixth and last of his University Extension Lectures, the subject being "Besant: 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' and Social Movements."

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Winter Trip to the Orient.

For the accommodation of winter tourists the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique has decided to send its finest, fastest and most magnificently decorated twin-screw steamer La Touraine on sixty-five-day excursion to the Azores and Mediterranean. The steamer will leave New York on Feb. 6, and to avoid winter storms will take a southerly course. La Touraine is capable of carrying 500 cabin passengers, but to avoid any inconvenience her number on this excursion will be limited to 260.

The itinerary which has been decided upon is a most interesting one, as will be judged by the following resume: From New York to Punta Delgada (Azores), Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Marseilles, Villefranche (for Nice and Monaco), Naples, Messina, Syracuse, Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Piraeus (for Athens), Malta, Tunis, Algiers, Gibraltar, Tangier and back to New York.

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